Iag. Filth thou lieſt.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago *kils his wife.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? pretious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide. *Exit* Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.

Em. Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *She dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spaine, the Iſebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I muſt come forth. Gra. *within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his Fate? tis not ſo now,

Pale

Pale as thy ſmocke, when we ſhall meete at count,
This looke of thine, will hurle my ſoule from heauen,
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold my girle,
Euen like thy chaſtity; O curſed ſlaue:
Whippe me you Diuells,
From the poſſeſſion of this heauenly ſight,
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Deſdemona, Deſdemona* dead, O, O, O.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, *and Officers,*
Caſſio *in a Chaire.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt infortunate man.

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is this Viper, bring the villaine forth.

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If thou beeſt a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wring his ſword from him.

Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will:
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſsio's* death?

Oth. I.

Caſ. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cauſe.

Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske you pardon,
Will you pray, demand that demy diuell,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know,
From this time forth I neuer will ſpeake word.

Lod. What not to pray?

Grat. Torments will op'e your lips.

N *Oth.*